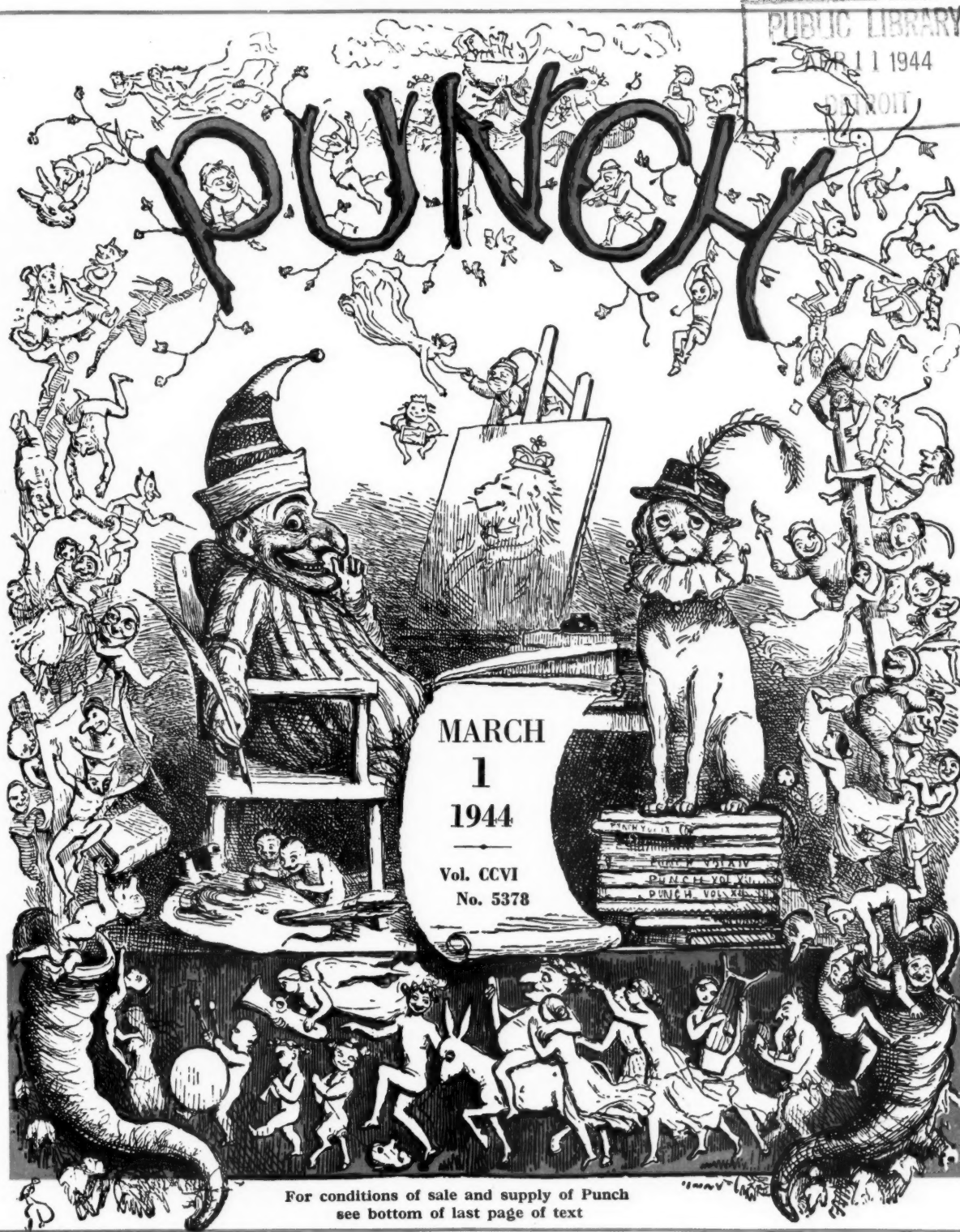


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

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**CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L<sup>TD</sup>.**  
CORPORATION  
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

*Gets  
Gibbs*



### SHAVING STICKS

Next time you need a Shaving Stick — just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

Price 1/3d  
in Split-ring Bakelite Holder  
Refills 1/-  
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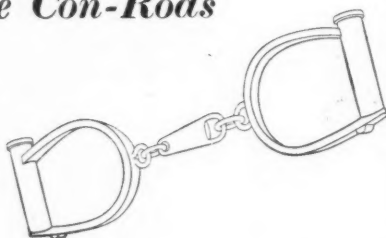
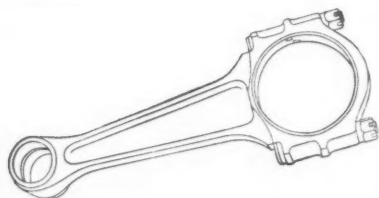
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

*How are*

*Aero Engine Con-Rods*

*linked with*

*Handcuffs?*



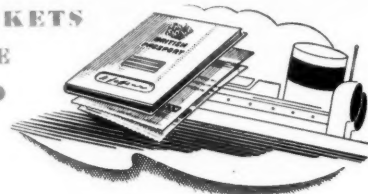
In the eighteen-thirties our output included steel handcuffs of the latest pattern. They were usually subjected to severe tests before being accepted by the wearers. But nowadays we make mechanical appliances which have to pass far more searching trials. The con-rod shown above, for instance, is a vital part of the aero engine. It is machined from a steel forging, and the finished dimensions run well into the further reaches of the decimal system. In engineering parlance, this example of fine-limit work is 'a typical Webley job'.



PRECISION ENGINEERS SINCE 1790

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### THE TICKETS WILL BE BOOKED



The day will come when forgotten places and new scenes will cast a spell over your memory and your imagination. The spirit of travel will move restlessly within you, and the tickets will be booked. And with you will go your Antler Luggage, a distinguished and accommodating servant to your possessions.



You can't get Antler Luggage now but superb designs will be ready ... for the day.



## ANTLER

*The World's Best Luggage*

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM



### killed in action

Siao Fah and his mother, and thousands of other Chinese babies and mothers, lie dead among the ruins of their frail homes. China has put up an epic fight. And China fights on—to victory. But she sorely needs succour and supplies. Please help Britain's gift to China. The Japs are *our* enemies, too! Please send your donation today to:

### Lady Cripps

### United Aid to China Fund

(Dept. IC.57) 57 New Bond Street, London, W.1

(Regd. under War Charities Act, 1940)

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# ROSS'S

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
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LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

*Off for the duration — on for the peace*

**REMEMBER**

**EKCO**  
for Radio  
and  
Lamps

## GLASTONBURY PREDICTIONS

*Watch  
Aries*

Failing to observe any signal from Aries the Ram of the Zodiac last Friday, I rang him up (ASTral 4 million). "Good evening, Aries," I said, "your public wants to know what you think of Hitler's chances now?" "Baa," replied Aries. "... But



Goebbels said—"I began. "Blah," said Aries.

That confirms the prediction I made on November 17th last—that the day is not far off when Morlands Glastonbury Sheepskin-lined Boots (post-war models) will be on sale in good shoe-shops everywhere.



**NO DRIVING  
BOOTS UNTIL  
AFTER THE WAR**

## MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS

★ Meanwhile, take care of those you have until post-war improved styles arrive.

**TOTAL  
WAR EFFORT**  
demands the  
withdrawal of

## 'Golden Shred'

*The World's  
Best  
Marmalade*

**It will return with  
VICTORY**

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS  
(P.M.), LTD.  
Golden Shred Works,  
London, Paisley, Manchester,  
Bristol

**Save as you shave!**

Given reasonable care, the KROPP razor will last a lifetime. There's economy for you! Not only that, but it will give you luxuriously smooth shaves all the time. For the Kropp is a hand-made razor, wrought by razor craftsmen from fine-quality Sheffield Steel. It never needs grinding. You'll be proud to own a KROPP.

## KROPP

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD.,  
LONDON, W.1

14/-, including Purchase Tax. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers and Stores. Postage and Booklet 160 for 24d. stamp.

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He is a discriminating buyer and needs dependable power at all times throughout the year for operating barn machinery—pumps—generators—root cutters hay elevators, etc. To him there is no introduction needed for the Petter range of power units from 1½ B.H.P. upwards.

he can always rely on

6.128

## ENGINES

PETTERS LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH. ENGLAND.





Though  
out of  
sight to  
memory  
dear

**Schweppes**



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

**Bronnley**  
Makers of  
FINE SOAPS  
for Fifty Years

The name  
which is  
traditional  
in the art of  
soap making

H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.  
LONDON, W.1.



By Appointment

**Cerebos**  
Salt of crystal purity



**Ladislaw Srzcency**, here from Poland  
in the cause of Freedom, early learned that "pickles" was a kind of preserve by making the error of toasting his English friends with the blessing, "May Heaven pickle you all" . . . . Fortunately his host was able to demonstrate with a bottle of Pan Yan, which having tasted, Ladislaw declared that another link had been forged in Anglo-Polish friendship.

**Pan Yan**

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED • LONDON

When told that, alas, Pan Yan was not so easy to get nowadays he said, "But so with all good things"



By appointment to  
H.M. King George VI  
Previous appointment  
to the late King George V

**HARRIS**  
famous for Bacon  
since 1770

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD. CALNE, WILTS.

**SPODE**

Tableware of Quality  
has led for 100 years



BLUE ITALIAN

Spode has never failed to supply replacements and will do so again after the War.

**Spode**

The China of Distinction

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED  
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



H. L. SHORTLAND  
master shoemaker  
and designer of  
the Wearra Shoe.



A quality SHOE  
WITH utility  
ADVANTAGE

Slim, medium and broad fittings  
in each size and half-size.

**Wearra** 32'9  
MULTIPLE-FITTING  
SHOES FOR MEN



# Votrix

Let's

have

a gin

and

Votrix

YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE of Votrix Vermouth because it is produced in the same way as the best vermouths previously imported. Votrix Vermouth is the combination, after an ancient recipe, of delicious wine from sunny Empire grapes and aromatic herbs.

Because it is prepared in England it is still obtainable at a reasonable price. Supplies unfortunately are restricted at present.

SWEET 7/-

OR DRY 7/6



Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct so please ask your usual supplier.

## Vermouth

## NEWS FROM THE BISCUIT FRONT

THE Ministry of Food, recognising the importance of Biscuits on the home front, has recently released more raw materials to British Biscuit Manufacturers.

This of course is good news, but it cannot be hoped that its effect will be adequate supplies of biscuits for everyone. In fact there will still be a shortage although a few more people should be able to get a share.

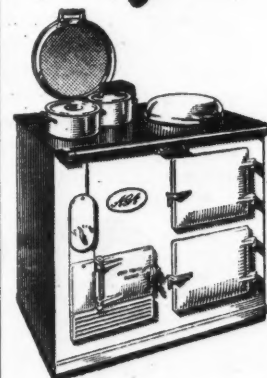
Unfortunately, no extra labour can be found to produce this increased output and the folk in the Biscuit Factories will have to work harder than ever for every extra pound to be produced. But they will do their best because they know how much Biscuits mean to you.



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CV8-41

*I can't waste fuel*



*I've got an*

# AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

*cooker*



The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

AGA HEAT LIMITED  
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.),  
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# STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

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*Famous for Fine Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES FROM FAMILY GROCERS

Smce's



**T**O preserve the English way of life and all that it implies—cricket on the green, afternoon tea on tree-shaded lawns, the fresh, busy dawn of a summer's day on the farm—these are the things we're fighting for. We, at G.H.Q. Atco have had our share of the battle, and long, like you, for a return to these scenes. For the name Atco is as closely entwined in the outdoor life of England as ivy on an oak tree.

# ATCO

CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD. WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

ATCOMOWERS •  
ATCOSCYNTHES •  
ATCOTRACTORS •  
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POST-WAR LIGHT  
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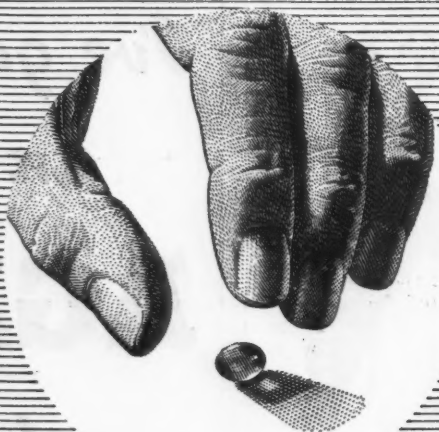
## DUTY FREE SMOKES

### for P.O.W., ROYAL NAVY & H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS

may be sent at a quarter of the home price, and are packed in vacuum tins to ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Just ask your tobacconist for the official label order form or in case of difficulty write direct to us, George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Duty Free Dept., 9, Causeyside Street, Paisley, Scotland. All you then need to do is to fill in the details according to the directions on the back of the label and return to your tobacconist or post back to us, as the case may be. Your order will receive immediate attention and you will be notified of despatch.

## FOUR SQUARE

### Tobacco and Cigarettes



### RATIONING MAKES EXTRA VITAMIN SUPPLY ESSENTIAL

The body must have enough vitamins A and D if it is to remain healthy. Before rationing most of us got sufficient of these in our ordinary meals, but wartime diets tend to reduce the vitamin value of our food.

A daily dose of Crookes' provides

sufficient 'anti-infective' vitamin A to enable you to resist colds and influenza; it provides, too, the correct amount of 'sunshine' vitamin D to keep adults healthy and to allow children to grow up with strong bones and sound teeth.

## CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6

Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

CG

# OPTREX

*the*

## eye lotion

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCVI No. 5378

March 1 1944

## Charivaria

WE understand that in the event of an Allied invasion of France, Laval has vowed to support the German troops to the last man, if he can find one.

An Army dentist was a private in the last war. When he drills a sergeant-major it must be a thrill for both of them.

Two million lemons recently arrived in this country, not counting the one received by the Government from the electors of West Derbyshire.

A furniture expert states that mahogany is not always what it seems. This should warn us against tricksters who try to pass off new stuff as genuine second-hand.



Only three men accepted the invitation to a Leap Year dance in Essex. Local bachelors are now claiming it as a great defensive victory.

A canine queue was seen outside a shop where dogs' food is sold. There was a feeling in the rear that dachshunds should stand sideways.

### To Put It Mildly

"... it is obviously inconvenient for the Standing Committees and the whole House to be sitting at the same time."—*The Observer*.

**Five Guineas a Yard**  
"Wire Terrier dog 2 yds. excel. pedigree gd. stud 10 gns."  
*Advt. in Birmingham paper.*

A butterfly was seen near Scotland Yard last week. Later she appeared at a night-club and caused consternation by revealing herself as a woman constable and demanding names and addresses.



A headmaster asks whether the modern boy really studies geography. The modern boy doesn't have to. He just chases it through the newspapers.

The recent admission by a Nazi spokesman that he had no excuses to offer for the latest reverses on the Eastern front seems to support the contention that the *Wehrmacht* hasn't enough bad weather left to go round.

There is some doubt in military circles as to whether the Nazis' repeated references to fluidity on the Eastern front mean that they are in the process of being bottled up again or merely continuing to be poured back.

In reply to the recent assertion by a caterer that more sardines could be released, perhaps he would be good enough to come along with a tin-opener and just show us how.

The Nazis are organizing a post-war underground movement for the purpose of breaking up any undercover tendencies after the present underground movement has broken cover.



In view of the continuance of the petrol restrictions it seems practically certain that most of the spring flowers will have to make the best of being strewn by bus or bicycle again this year.

Some English districts have been so quiet and peaceful since the beginning of the war that inhabitants have never been awakened by the sound of a siren or a by-election.



## Just a Few Dates

VERY amusing do I find it when American correspondents fail to understand the simple processes of our English history, and many a good laugh do I get out of their ignorance.

Thus, writing about an article which I contributed to a New York paper a censorious gentleman observes "You mention that Thackeray was present at a *Punch* dinner during which the Reform Bill was under discussion. I think you must have made a mistake here. The Electoral Reform Bill was passed in 1867 and Thackeray died in 1863." I summoned reconnaissance troops to an editorial conference and sent them out to discover the truth, while I went on with the crossword puzzle in *The Times*.

"Well, what was the trouble?" I asked on their return. "I cannot possibly have been wrong. I never am."

"Certainly not."

"Go ahead, then."

"This dinner was eaten on March 2nd 1859. The Reform Bill was under discussion, and Thackeray was certainly there. And the Reform Bill was passed in 1867."

"It must have been a very long dinner. What did they have?"

"According to the records in this office they began with clear turtle soup and went on to turbot and a haunch of venison. I don't know what they had after that."

"And when did Thackeray die?"

"In 1863."

"Poor fellow. But I'm not surprised. He never had the constitution of the others."

"You seem to be under a slight misapprehension. It wasn't the same Bill."

"I never asked about that. I didn't have to pay."

"Please don't be so impatient. The proposal discussed in 1859 was during the Government succeeding Palmerston's. Palmerston came back to office in June."

"And when did Palmerston die?"

"In 1865."

"What did he have for dinner?"

"If you want to get a really accurate view of the situation you have to remember that one Prime Minister after another brought in an Electoral Reform Bill, or tried to do so, or was persuaded not to, and the one which was passed in 1867 was the one which extended the franchise to the householder and the lodger."

"What about flats?"

"They didn't have them."

"Who passed this Bill in 1867?"

"Lord Derby and Disraeli."

"I see. Is that all?"

"You know it isn't. There was a Bill in 1885 and another in 1918 and another in 1928. The last of them gave votes to women at the age of twenty-one."

"I remember that one. That was the one about which I wrote:

'And the imperial voteress went on

In maiden meditation fancy-free.'

At least I didn't write all of it. I put an 'e' in instead of an 'a'. What did they have all those Bills for?"

"I suppose people wanted the franchise. And they wanted more equal representation as between one borough and another."

"A lot of nonsense, if you ask me. And nearly all these Bills seem to have been put through by a Tory Government. If I had been a Tory member I should have voted against every one of them. Then we shouldn't have had so much

trouble with American correspondents. How could the Tories know that all these people were going to vote for them?"

"Isn't there such a thing in human hearts as gratitude?"

"No."

"Aren't you perhaps a little cynical this morning?"

"I always am in an east wind."

"Perhaps you were fire-watching last night."

"Perhaps I was hell. Does that complete the case for Electoral Reform?"

"Of course it doesn't. Hundreds of things happened before 1859. In 1745 Sir F. Dashwood——"

"I thought 1745 was the Young Pretender."

"It was."

"And the War of Jenkins' Ear."

"No, no. That was 1738."

"Well, it was a very moving scene. He came and laid his ear in front of the House of Commons. On the Table I suppose. In my opinion it ought to be done far oftener."

"Aren't you rather straying from Electoral Reform? The whole history of the Parliamentary boroughs—well—I suppose you've heard of pocket boroughs, haven't you?"

"Very good things. We ought to have more of them now. You'd better write a *précis* of the history of Parliamentary and Municipal boroughs. We must get this letter off somehow."

When the *précis* had been written it began with the words:

"There is no evidence for the theory of continuity between the Roman colony and the old English borough. It is not until the Danish invasions of the eighth and ninth centuries that anything like municipal institutions is discernible."

"That is excellent," I said, after reading the first eight or nine pages. "That ought to settle the question of Thackeray and the *Punch* dinner of 1859 once and for all. Are you certain about 1164 for the Constitutions of Clarendon?"

"Absolutely."

"You don't say what Henry II had for dinner after they were signed."

"I don't know."

"Endeavour to find out. It may have been sturgeon and swan-pie. We can't have Americans running away with the idea that this paper knows nothing about English politics for the past eleven hundred years. With any luck this answer will reach the other side of the Atlantic before the next Reform Bill gets through."

"Is that all?"

"It will do for the moment, thank you."

"What sort of fireworks did you have last night down your way?"

"They were superb."

EVOE.

## These Grown-Ups!

THEY say They're wearied by the War,  
They say Their worries never cease.  
What about Me? Wrong side of Four,  
And never had a moment's Peace!

o o

Censored

"There was some blank speaking when Major Lloyd George met the miners' leaders in London yesterday."—*Glasgow paper*.



DESIGN FOR SPRING



*"It was fortunate, sir, that you reserved a room. The hotel is unusually full."*

### The Announcer

**A**LERED man was with us for the nonce  
That by the morwe erly wolde annonce  
The dayes newes al hot as it bifel;  
His voys as cler was as the chapel bel;  
And wonder was it, as it semed me,  
Men mighte here his wordes, though they be  
Y-spoke a hundred myle awaye, and ferre.  
Evere his tale was of the kinges werre  
Ageyn the blake and mightye hostes of Pruce;  
Of Italye he spak, and Fraunce, and Ruce  
When-as he hadde coghed and tolde his name;  
And certes ther nas no man coude him blame  
Though that the soun was twisted on his tonge  
Of straunge tounes, if they were crulle or longe.  
In o voys spak he gode newes and ille,  
For al was but as griste to his mille.  
Al blithe at the springing of the daye  
"God-morwe everichoon" he wolde saye;  
When-as the squeeking pippes sounede eight.  
And though that it was new and somdel streit  
He kept the reule of his fraternitee  
To speken alway faire and fetisly.  
Certes he was of reeders alderbest;  
In parfait accent was ful muche his lest.  
A better entoned man was no-wher herd:  
This worthy nouncer was y-clept Hibberd.

### Tobacco and Socks

**W**HEN I had bought some tobacco I leant over the counter and said out of the corner of my mouth, "Any matches?"

"Expect some in on Monday," said the man carelessly.

"Thanks," I said, and went out.

"Any matches?" I asked, when I had bought some tobacco a little further down the street.

"Not till Thursday," said this man.

"That's funny," I said. "They expect them in on Monday at —s."

"What's funny about that?" the man said. An aggressive type, though slovenly in his dress.

"Nothing," I said, and went out.

I put my head in at one of those little places that make you wonder whether the girl gets in and out through a trap-door, and bought some tobacco.

"When are you expecting matches to come in?" I asked.

She simply opened a little drawer and slid a box into my hand.

"Will you marry me?" I said.

She declined, but she let me have a packet of pipe-cleaners instead.

I felt so pleased with everything that I went straight into a hosier's and asked to see some socks. I admit it gives me pleasure to see socks, I like to wrap the foot



round my knuckles for one thing. But there was a serious intent behind this visit. I wanted socks.

However, when I picked up a pair and wrapped them round my knuckles I found that the ends only just met, leaving, it seemed to me, no surplus material to go up the leg.

"Have you anything about an inch longer?" I said. "I like to turn them down over the top of my shoe."

"What's the idea of that?" asked the hosier.

"To keep the shrapnel out," I said.

He didn't believe me; but he told me a long story about a piece of shell the size of his thumb that came down the chimney at his sister's house in a certain district not ten miles from Piccadilly and made a hole in the kettle.

"Is that your thumb?" I asked in some surprise.

"What did you think it was?" he said. "A piece of cake?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I was looking at it upside-down."

He seemed a little huffed and turned over a number of pairs of socks in an official sort of way. But quite soon he became conversational again.

"What goes up must come down," he said. "We all know that."

"Do you mean umbrellas?" I asked.

"Umbrellas!" he said scornfully. "Don't sell 'em. I'm talking about shrapnel."

"Ah," I said. "I don't mind that so much. What worries me is that what comes down must go up."

"How do you mean?" he asked. He was genuinely puzzled, I think.

"Bombs," I said.

"Oh, bombs," he said, and he spoke so contemptuously that I thought for a moment he was going to add that he didn't sell 'em. But it turned out that he thought quite a lot about bombs. Any number of bombs had come into his life, or that of his relatives, however remotely, and he had not forgotten a single one of them. When he had got to number eleven which fell, I think, near a village in Lancashire in 1941 and made all the hens of an aunt of his go broody, I decided to put a stop to it and go.

I took a large watch out of my pocket and consulted it. It told me nothing. I shook it vigorously.

"Stopped?" asked the hosier sympathetically.

"That watch," I said, tapping it impressively on the glass with a forefinger, "stopped on September 25th 1940 at half-past eleven in the morning."

"Enemy action?" he asked eagerly.

"No, no. Not enemy action. It just ran down and stopped."

"And the winder was broken?"

"Winder?" I said. "I never had a winder. That was the whole trouble."

"That thing at the top," he cried. "Good gracious me! I never heard—just lend it to me a moment, sir."

He positively snatched the thing out of my hand, wound it up at a furious speed and clapped it to his ear. Over his face spread that beatific unmistakable smile, the most self-satisfied smile in the world, the smile of a man who has made another man's watch go. I have seen it hundreds of times.

"Going beautifully," he said. "And to think you've had it all these years—I'll just set it for you, sir."

"Why," he cried a moment later—and only those who think they can make other people's watches go know what a bitter cry that was—"why, it's got no hands!"

"I know," I said. "I took them off when it stopped. It seemed the best thing to do."

For a moment I thought he would not be able to check

the words "You great ass" before they passed what Homer used to call the barrier of his teeth. What saved him, I think, was one of those little printed notices saying "The customer is always right," which I unhooked from a tie-rack and laid before him.

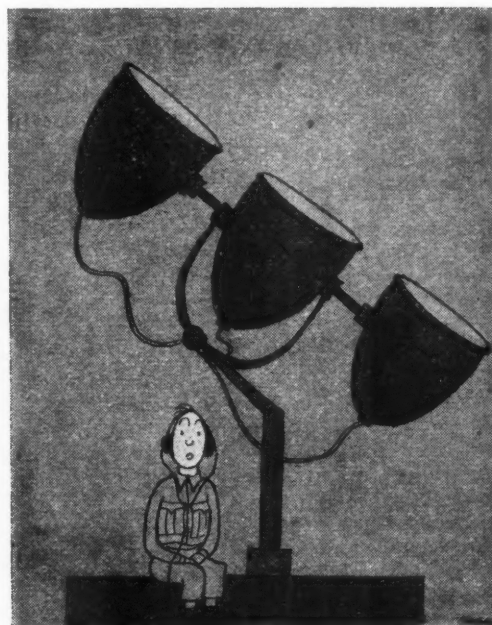
While he was still groping for the right word I wished him "Good day" and left. He was a good man, but his socks were too short. H. F. E.

## Somewhere in England.

I DON'T mind the damp  
Swirling and oozing all over the camp;  
I'm not complaining:  
What can you expect when it never stops raining?  
I can forget  
The wet.

I don't mind the thousands of chaps,  
All wearing identical coats and caps  
And dangling their arms loosely from their sockets  
Because they're forbidden to put their hands in their  
pockets . . .  
I can regard them  
With true British phlegm.

No. What cheeses me  
Is the spectacle of wooden buildings, as far as the eye  
can see,  
Each like the next, without a suspicion of variation,  
Squat, smug and ugly in their utilitarian pre-fabrication. . .  
They drive me nuts,  
Those huts.



"There's that ant with the limp walking across the damn thing again."

## At the Pictures

### ARTIFICE AND REALITY

ALL the features of the Hollywood late nineteenth-century London, so familiar and dear to the connoisseur, naturally reappear in *The Lodger* (Director: JOHN BRAHM) in the somewhat heightened form proper to a well-known story that has already been filmed in this country. Naturally too we get a completely different picture, which (mostly because of that dear old Hollywood London) it is not easy to take seriously. There is in fact one point, when a half-circle of bowler-hatted and whiskered personages is advancing with slow inexorable menace on the cornered murderer, where the audience breaks into uncontrollable giggles at very much the wrong time. As a whole though the film is interesting, even absorbing, in spite of its comparative lack of suspense, because of the powerful performance by LAIRD CREGAR as the tormented murderer. It isn't very clear why MERLE OBERON was cast as a music-hall performer who twitters through a highly refined pseudo-French "naughty" song-and-dance to enormous and inexplicable applause; or rather it isn't very clear why we are allowed to see her doing it, for the point to be established is merely that she is an actress and therefore a candidate for Jack the Ripper's attentions, and all her important scenes are backstage and domestic. Certainly these oo-la-la interludes don't make it any easier to take the film seriously. . . . But Mr. CREGAR has some moments that are quite impressive, and visually the piece is always entertaining.

The advertised reason for going to see *Hostages* (Director: FRANK TUTTLE) is the return to the screen of LUISE RAINER; in fact, unless you are a Rainer fan for whom the mere sight of her is joy enough, a much better reason is the work of WILLIAM BENDIX. This is the familiar and familiarly-worked-out story of Occupied Europe; Mr. BENDIX as a Czech patriot and leader of the underground movement, posing as a dim-witted washroom-

attendant, brightens it up a good deal—though here too some of the laughter is perhaps a little out of key. But Miss RAINER, as the daughter of the rich local quisling (OSCAR HOMOLKA), has

understandable (ARTURO DE CORDOVA), even PAUL LUKAS being unable to make particularly credible the obtuseness of the usual Nazi boss-villain, and the whole thing ending as usual in a set-piece of rather artificial-looking sabotage explosions.

For real explosions, see the Soviet film *Partisans* (Director: V. BELYAYEV), which was filmed by "thirteen partisan cameramen" working under highly dangerous conditions behind the enemy's lines. The effect here is enormously increased by our knowledge that we are watching the real thing: here are the real partisans enlisting, taking the oath, each receiving his bombs and his capful of cartridges, fighting the invader all over the immense country; derauling his trains, cutting his communications, ambushing his advance parties, picking off his sentries. The commentary, written and spoken by J. B. PRIESTLEY, has been described as stirring; you may agree, but I found a surprising number of perfunctorily-spoken clichés in it, and Mr. PRIESTLEY's voice sounds rather too burly and inflexible. But the film is a wonderfully impressive and memorable record.

### Candlelight in Algérie

(Director: GEORGE KING)

brings us back to artificiality with a bang (or a whimper). It has a good theme; a worth-while picture could be made out of the secret meeting of General Mark Clark and other officers on the Algerian coast before the North African troop landings. But this is a pretty ordinary spy thriller, which has points but is in my view vitiated by two of the usual British faults: first that overall sameness of lighting that gives every scene a sleek, pearly, silvery gleam, and second the belief that the U.S. public can be attracted (failing American players) by British players pretending to be American. It may be that Americans are less irritated than I am by British players who assume a near-American accent for every tenth word, but I doubt it. Nevertheless, if you are one of the people to whom such considerations as this mean nothing at all, you may find this nonsense both amusing and exciting. R. M.



[The Lodger]

### THE FOLLOWER

Kitty Langley . . . . . MERLE OBERON  
"Mr. Slade" . . . . . LAIRD CREGAR

little more to do in the way of acting than the average passive heroine of an average thriller, and is usually to be found standing about simply gazing at



[Hostages]

### MORE UNDERGROUND STUFF

Janošhik . . . . . WILLIAM BENDIX  
Lev Preissinger . . . . . OSCAR HOMOLKA  
Milada Preissinger . . . . . LUISE RAINER

people, with enormous eyes. Indeed, leaving out of account Mr. BENDIX's part, this might almost be considered an average thriller; the nominal "hero" being another underground leader whose position is much less

## The Dance

IT was Captain Meadowsweet, our Medical Officer, who was mostly responsible for our Officers' Mess Dance. He is a man of remarkable vigour and determination, and even after three years in Egypt still keeps cheerful.

"It should be perfectly simple to run a dance," he said quite suddenly one evening. "There are musical instruments rusting away in the Store, and men in the depot who are absolutely dying for the chance of showing their skill with them. We shall have a good dance-band in a couple of shakes."

"What about women?" asked Lieutenant Sympton.

"On the other side of the Canal," said the M.O., "are literally dozens of hospitals, full of what are technically known as nursing sisters. My profession gives me the entree to their hospitals, and at a word from me to the various Chief Medical Officers a bevy of beauty and charm will be unleashed. Just leave it to me."

We did. We live such a barbaric and pioneering sort of life at El Billa that nobody at all was in a position to ask any sort of girl to the dance. Only our new C.O., Major Garnold, admitted after some hesitation that he had a wife in Ismailia.

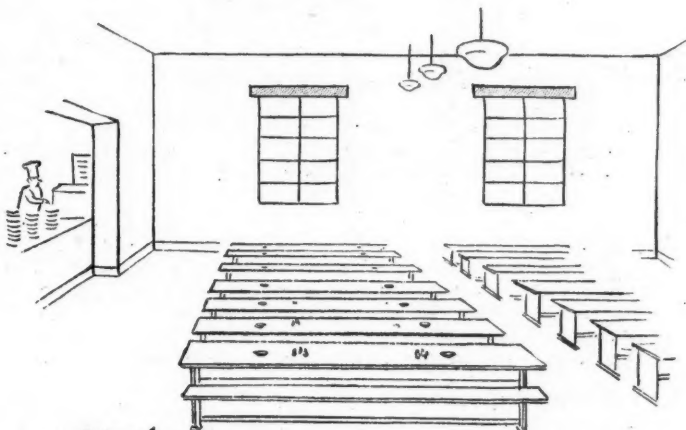
"She'll be delighted to come," he said. "As a matter of fact she has been getting a bit restive about not being invited to come and see where I work, but owing to the lack of other ladies I have felt that she would be an embarrassment in the Mess."

The Medical Officer personally trained the band. Naturally his final rehearsal coincided with a concert of classical music on the Company gramophone by Captain Boswell, which led to a good deal of ill-feeling. It was rumoured too that the men who were supposed to be dying to play the various instruments were not nearly as keen as had been at first supposed, and that they refused to volunteer until the M.O. threatened them with a fifth typhus injection as an alternative.

On the actual night of the dance Captain Meadowsweet burst into the Mess and swallowed his rations of whisky (Scotch), gin (Australian), and brandy (Cypriot), and then asked for volunteers to go and fetch the wagon-loads of nursing sisters who, according to him, were waiting in impatient queues on the other side of the Canal. Six officers volunteered and were not seen again until the next morning, as



THE ORDERLY ROOM



THE MESS

they crossed the Canal at the same moment as the sisters were crossing it the other way, and could not get back. The Suez Canal is like that. If you get across, the ferry breaks down before you can get back, and if the ferry would be all right for you to get back, then you cannot get over in the first place.

Memories are vague about the actual dance because we unleashed all the alcohol we had been saving for Armistice night. Bevy of lovely ladies sailed into the Mess, but nobody knew anybody, so there were no introductions. We just got hold of any nursing sister within reach and danced madly with her all the evening.

"Personally," said Sympton, "I am not a ladies' man, so I picked out the

plainest of the lot and danced with her all evening."

"She happened," said Major Garnold, "to be my wife."

That, however, was the only accident of any sort, except that next morning the M.O. had a frightful headache and went on the sick parade to get some bismuth. Not till he had been in the queue for ten minutes waiting for the M.O. did he remember who he was and let himself in.

### Gardening Hint

"The public should study the plans with the utmost care.

We must not be hoodwinked by the top-dressing."—Dundee Courier & Advertiser.





• "Don't tell me I have one of those dreadful diseases for which the patient simply MUST have bananas!"

## The Phoney Phleet

XL—H.M.S. "Tich"

THE town of Purlham-on-the-Spot  
Contains 1,000,010  
Inhabitants. One half are men,  
But then the other half are not;  
And of this other half, again,  
One half are knitters, pur! and plain.

A simple calculation shows  
The knit-potential of the place.  
This totals over eighteen brace  
Per needle-hour expressed in hose,  
Without etceteras like mitts.  
When Purlham means to knit, it KNITS.

At first this wasn't organized—  
A cargo there, a train-load here—  
But transport troubles made it clear  
Their output should be canalized;  
And so the Council voted for  
Converging on some man-of-war.

Our biggest battleship, the *Rich*,  
Was chosen for them. Someone erred;  
Somebody muddled up the word  
And gave them a small trawler, *Tich*.  
To Purlham-on-the-Spot one ship  
Was like another. They let rip.

By mid-September all the crew  
Had thirty pairs of socks apiece  
Made from that natural wool, *with* grease,  
With twenty more in Navy blue.  
And then the body-belts began—  
Twelve, for each officer and man.

Pullovers followed, scores and scores,  
And Balaclavas by the gross;  
Then mittens, an enormous dose.  
People got stuck in bulkhead doors,  
Or, weighted down until they bent,  
Collapsed and lay there impotent.

Sweaters arrived, with roll-top necks,  
And then a spate of vests and pants.  
The men, puffed up like elephants,  
Lost actual contact with the decks  
And *Tich* beneath the weight of wool  
Lurched stuffed with comforts, helpless, full.

What could be done to stop the flow?  
To hurl it overboard was waste;  
It would have been appalling taste  
To write to Purlham and say "No!  
No more! Leave us alone! Don't knit!"  
That wasn't how to cope with it.

The captain, quite a youngish man  
But now turned prematurely grey,  
At last thought out the only way,  
The final sacrificial plan;  
The crew would have to be marooned,  
The *Tich* be scuttled. Then he swooned.

So it was done. Some fool mistake,  
And there they're parked till Kingdom Come,  
Living on turtle-eggs and rum  
(Which gives them all the stomach-ache)  
And *cursing* Purlham-on-the-Spot.  
Fine gratitude some types have got!

### NEVERTHELESS, PLEASE

send a donation to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS  
FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

THE next fragment has its origin in a strain of wheat  
I was grooming for stamina and succulence. I had  
to change it between the refrigerator and the oven  
every ten minutes, and thus I had intervals of leisure  
which I did not waste in merely standing on one leg like a  
stork, this being the habit of some scientists during experi-  
ments, but spent decently in composition, and what I  
composed you will find below, with some grammar added  
as impatient of everything but nouns is what I tend to be  
when in the Muse's grip.

### THOSE WHOM THE GODS LOVE MEN DON'T.

(The scene is a lecture and PROFESSOR CZCTS is giving it.  
Czcts is pronounced Kwzn.)

CZCTS. . . . Merry are the works of Herbert Spencer.  
Full of richness they be and roguish metaphor.  
MISS VAN KELLY. I'll order a set bound in white leather  
straight away.

CAPTAIN QUINTAL. Does he deal with the repair of fences?  
So many writers ignore these current problems.  
"Escapists" we call them at the club.

A BEARDED LADY. Let the poor darlin' man talk.  
CZCTS. Ditto Edmund, but more so.



"I guess you've almost forgotten how they look lit up."

*Enter a SALESMAN*

SALESMAN. Beg pardon for breaking in, but does anybody want to buy the de luxe edition of the *London Telephone Directory*, with index? Our terms are strictly hire-purchase and the contract has been composed by a qualified lawyer.

CZCTS. Are you for the examination? If not so, pray flee.

SALESMAN. I am only doing my duty. *[Exit]*

MISS VAN KELLY. Carry on, professor; this is all too thrilling for words.

CZCTS. Take now, pupils, a note which has occurred to me, D.45: The Literature of England, it is like a meadow. End of note.

ANOTHER BEARDED LADY. I must return to the circus soon. Hurry up and get on to prosody.

CZCTS. All things must be orderly and ship-shaped. Thompson I delineate next. Hound of Heaven, Seasons, City of Dreadful Night, all such are worthwhile and plummy.

*Enter a SURVEYOR*

SURVEYOR. Now don't you take any notice of me. I have been sent to survey this hall but it's not my way to disturb anyone, and if it's card tricks you're doing I shall applaud with the best. Can anyone lend me a theodolite?

DEAN CHIME. Here you are. Take care of it; it was my mother's.

CZCTS. Next I have a treat for you. *Ulysses* by J. Joyce will I read aloud from out of.

DEAN CHIME. What does the J stand for?

CZCTS. Jim.

SURVEYOR. I have measured the floor in chains and I have measured it in perches, and it seems free from

dry rot, but how to get at the ceiling, that's a stunner, as Rossetti used to say.

BEARDED LADIES (*amid confusion*). Try a sextant. 'Tis a quadrant you want. Lend him a protractor.

DEAN CHIME. Ladies, ladies! You must not be quarrelsome. Try to behave a little more like doves.

CAPTAIN QUINTAL. Faugh! A bird equally useless for sport and communication.

MISS VAN KELLY. Their wings are highly thought of.

CAPTAIN QUINTAL. Not a patch on an eagle's, I assure you.

CZCTS. Inattentives I here spy before me. Not reading aloud shall be your lot, but damn dull dates: 1798, 1859, minus 43.

DEAN CHIME. How so?

CZCTS. Birth of Ovid.

(*Through the window clambers BUGLER BIDDY BULL*)

BUGLER BULL. This is a very difficult window to climb through in a hurry.

CAPTAIN QUINTAL. It's a perfectly easy window if you don't rush it.

MISS VAN KELLY. Do try to take things gently; I am sure you could if you put your mind to it.

DEAN CHIME. This modern craze for speed among the young will lead inevitably to the downfall of civilization and the consequent growth of grass in the streets round Westminster.

SURVEYOR. There are worse things than grass—tundra, for example.

CZCTS. Are you audience, newcomer, or would you to bugle here?

BUGLER BULL. What I always say is, it's no use having accomplishments if you don't use them. (*She bugles a Chopin nocturne, mutatis mutandis*)

CZCTS. An essay do I now propound for fabrication at home: "Georgie Eliot, Mimics She the Reverend Sterne?" Pals mine, the class is dissolved, or to put same in modish phrase, *Rien ne va plus*.

FINIS





"Have you a 'Brush Up Your British'? My boy Balbus is ordered there."

### Spring is Hereabouts.

WE are rapidly approaching that time of year when the correspondence columns of our newspapers are given over to such items as:

"DEAR SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can help me to identify the following quotation?

'... the bluebells something something grow'"

and

"DEAR SIR,—Can anyone tell me the author of the following lines?

"The breathes feel sweet, the maidens kiss our feet.

Young lovers sit, old tunes a-begging go,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, —, jug-jug, etc.'"

and

"DEAR SIR,—While walking through Richmond Park on Saturday last I was reminded of the immortal lines of Shelley:

'And all at once I saw a ghost,  
A ghost of famous daffodils.'

"Unfortunately I was unable, on returning home, to locate the poem in the *Collected Works*, and I am wondering whether one of your readers may be able..."

We Britons are easily affected by the vernal equinox. Nature has nothing more wonderful to her credit than the extreme rapidity of the seasonal metamorphosis in the inhabitants of these islands. In most Continental countries the phenomenon lacks sensation; the change is so gradual as to be almost imperceptible—like capillary attraction. In Britain the change is cataclysmic. Overnight, almost, the body is drained of its winter juices and restocked with powerful fluids from the same blood-group. The system is rejuvenated; the hair (of male adolescents) is anointed, and for a brief spell the body puts off its drab protective covering and, in the interests of natural selection, wears a coat of many colours. And it is all

done with the speed of a self-filling fountain-pen.

Some biological urge is in us. We seek not only to decorate our poor bodies, but our minds. The birds ("jug-jug, etc.") produce new and exciting arias to demonstrate the subtlety and beauty of their emotions. And man reaches deep into his subconscious and in a swift spring-cleaning operation gathers the poetic gems from his recollected childhood. How many of our Easter brides have been wooed and won by half-remembered snippets from Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*?

And even as I have been writing, Mr. Punch, the sap has been rising in me. It is now well above my boots and flowing strongly. I wonder, sir, whether any of your readers could help me to find the poem that contains these lines:

"In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to necromancy..."





**BOCHE'S BENEFIT**

"I still think last night's was a better show."

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, February 22nd.**—House of Commons: Churchill's History of the Great War (contd.).

**Wednesday, February 23rd.**—House of Commons: War Debate Goes On.

**Thursday, February 24th.**—House of Commons: The Education Bill.

**Tuesday, February 22nd.**—There was such a crowd in the House of Commons to-day to hear the Prime Minister continue the recitation of his best-seller, "Churchill's History of the Great War," that even part of the hitherto sacrosanct Press Gallery was invaded by a dozen lady sightseers. Their presence doubtless added greatly to the decorative side of the Gallery, but did not help much in following a speech full of detail and grave import.

Your scribe occasionally found himself verbally wafted into the fashion salon or the beauty parlour just as things on the Floor were becoming most absorbing, and it was not always easy to sort out the one impression from the other.

There were far more peers present than normally attend a sitting of the House of Lords, and diplomats—including Mr. GUSEV, the Soviet Ambassador—crowded into their own Gallery. Their Lordships found their Galleries a sort of inverted widow's cruse, and more and more were squeezed in as the day advanced. Lord MARGESSON (always an early arrival) sat facing Lord ROTHERMERE across the width of the House. Lord CAMROSE, another Lord of the Press, looked across at Lord MARCHWOOD, Treasurer of the Conservative Party, and Lord SIMON, Lord WOOLTON, and newly-enobled Lord AMMON were perched on the topmost pinnacles of the Throne's canopy.

Mr. CHURCHILL came in just as, at the distant end of the Chamber, there entered Mr. WHITE, victor by 4,500 votes over the Government candidate in the recent West Derbyshire by-election. Mr. CHURCHILL got a long rolling cheer, and bowed his thanks. Mr. WHITE sat down quietly to await his formal introduction, which was made, with due ceremony, at the end of Question-time.

All this the lady visitors to the Press Gallery found very interesting and entertaining. Their lively small-talk added to the variety, if not to the coherence, of the speech which Mr. CHURCHILL began as soon as the Question-hour ended.

Walking briskly to the Table, the Prime Minister plunged straight into

his narrative. "This is no time," said he, "for sorrow or rejoicing. It is a time for preparation, effort, and resolve."

There was a roar of cheers from the House when Mr. CHURCHILL, disclaiming all intention to boast of Britain's achievements in the war, proceeded to set out some of them. Nothing he said, he was careful to add, detracted from the glory of the Soviet arms, but it was time someone pointed out that Britain too was in the war—had in fact for long critical weeks stood alone in the breach, without an ally in the world, facing the might of the Axis.



THE LION RAMPANT

"It has been borne in on me that the interests of the alliance as a whole may be prejudiced if its other members are left in ignorance of the British share in the great events which are unfolding."

*The Prime Minister.*

The Premier proceeded to read out a grim proud catalogue of the achievements of this small island—"out of all proportion to its available manpower." Since January a year ago our Navy and R.A.F. had sunk more than half the U-boats put down and 40 per cent. of those "believed lost."

In the same period Britain's Navy had put down 19 enemy warships and a large number of auxiliaries. We had also been predominantly responsible for sinking 316 enemy merchant ships, aggregating 835,000 tons. In these actions 7,677 officers and men of the Royal Navy and 4,200 of the Merchant Navy had given their lives. Since the war's beginning the number of merchant seamen hailing from these islands who had been lost at sea was

a fifth of the average number engaged in the service, and the total of R.N. officers and men lost in the same period was 41,000—out of the 133,000 which was the Navy's total strength when war began.

In the air the British islanders had lost 38,300 pilots and air crews killed, 10,400 missing, and 10,000 aircraft since fighting began, and as for the Army ("merely a police force when war began"), it had fought in every part of the world.

Steadily, relentlessly, the air attack on Germany's war effort would mount, would sweep towards its dreadful climax. The enemy's modest retaliation would grow too, and they were preparing on the French coast new means of hitting back, either by pilotless planes or gliders. But—grimly—we were striking at these preparations whenever we could. All this was in preparation for the invasion of Europe, and we should not lessen in any way the force of this prime instrument in shortening the war. Grim indeed would be the position of the Germans when, their fighter strength destroyed, our bombers were free to roam where they would over the enemy's territory.

The air weapon *was* to have been the selected weapon of the two Marauder States for world conquest, said Mr. CHURCHILL, with satisfaction, and there was a strange stern justice in the long swing of events.

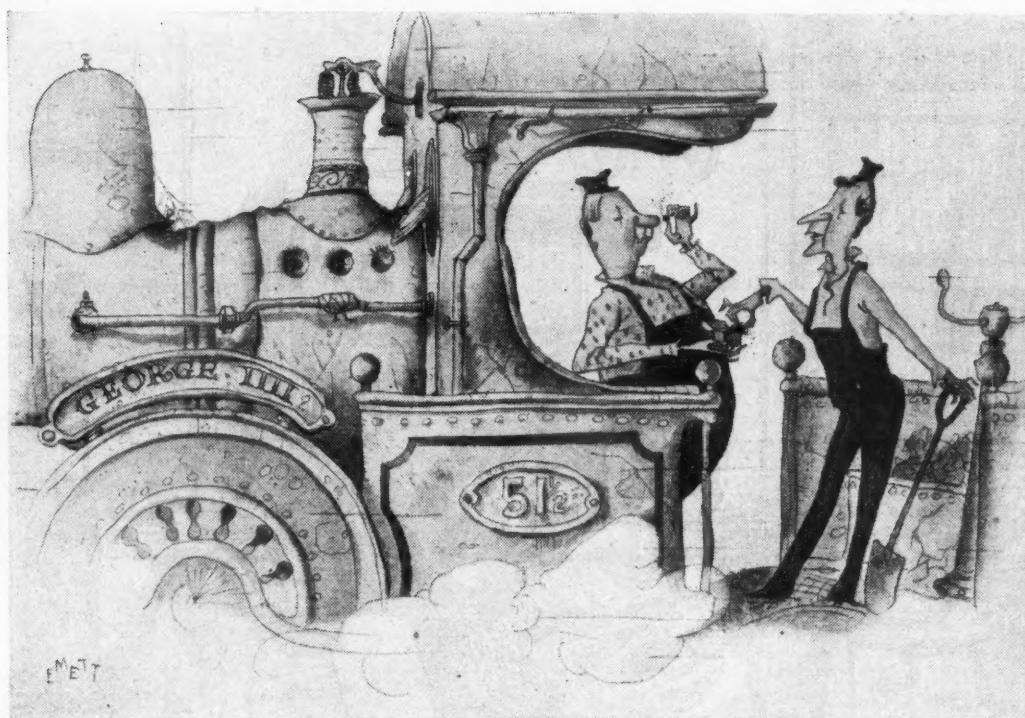
In Italy the British military leaders were confident of final success, the troops were in fine offensive vigour.

Just how swiftly events fly in this breathless war was brought home to all by his reminder that precisely a year ago ("to the day") he had lain in his sick-bed, deeply concerned about the unpromising course of events in Tunisia. But he had put his faith in General ALEXANDER then—and he did so now.

So, clearly, did the House. Mr. CHURCHILL switched to international politics, diplomacy, turning twinkling eyes to where Mr. WHITE sat as he commented that it was "hard enough to understand the politics of one's own country, but almost impossible to understand those of other countries."

Poland? It was for Poland's freedom that we declared war, and we (together with Marshal STALIN) wanted to see a free and independent Poland come out of the war. But we guaranteed no particular frontier—must, indeed, recognize Russia's earnest desire to be spared another attack by Germany after the two of the last 30 years.

Sternly he said that the principles of the Atlantic Charter could not apply



*"... and a plaggy great dish o' tay will not come amiss at Brighton, I'll warrant me."*

to Germany when she surrendered unconditionally, that she could ask no terms save those which the consciences of the United Nations dictated. Unconditional surrender meant that the victorious nations would have a free hand.

At this there was a burst of cheering. Turning abruptly to the Home front, Mr. CHURCHILL again ran an appraising eye along the row of Independent M.P.s as he commented that there were some who wanted to bring out old prejudices and give them a run. Yet Liberal, Labour and Tory were fighting side by side in the battlefield, working side by side in the factories, in a thousand different ways, linked together in a noble comradeship under the fire and flail of the enemy.

Mr. CHURCHILL's final words may well find their place in the history books of the future; they shall therefore have their place in this record:

"We are in the advent of the greatest joint operation between Allies that can ever have been undertaken. One thing we agreed at Teheran to which we are all bound in solemn compact is to fall on and smite the Hun by land, sea and air, with all the strength that is in us in the coming spring and summer.

"The task is heavy, the toil is long, the trial will be severe. Let us all try our best to do our duty. Victory may not be so far away—and will certainly not be denied us in the end!"

The House roared its approval of possibly the best, most informative and compact of all the Prime Minister's many contributions to the history of the Great War, and the orator sat down.

Sadly reflecting on the cruel fate of the victims of territorial ambitions, your scribe went forth, leaving the House to its debate (a thing far outshone by the effort of the Prime Minister) and the Press Gallery to the invaders—and *their* debate.

*Wednesday, February 23rd.*—Sir EDWARD GRIGG speaks but rarely in the House of Commons, and one of the rare occasions was to-day, when he told the House bluntly that Britain, in giving guarantees to Poland, Rumania and other little inaccessible countries, before the war, was "giving stumer cheques." From anyone else, this charge would doubtless have been resented; from Sir EDWARD (such is his standing) it was regarded as entirely legitimate criticism.

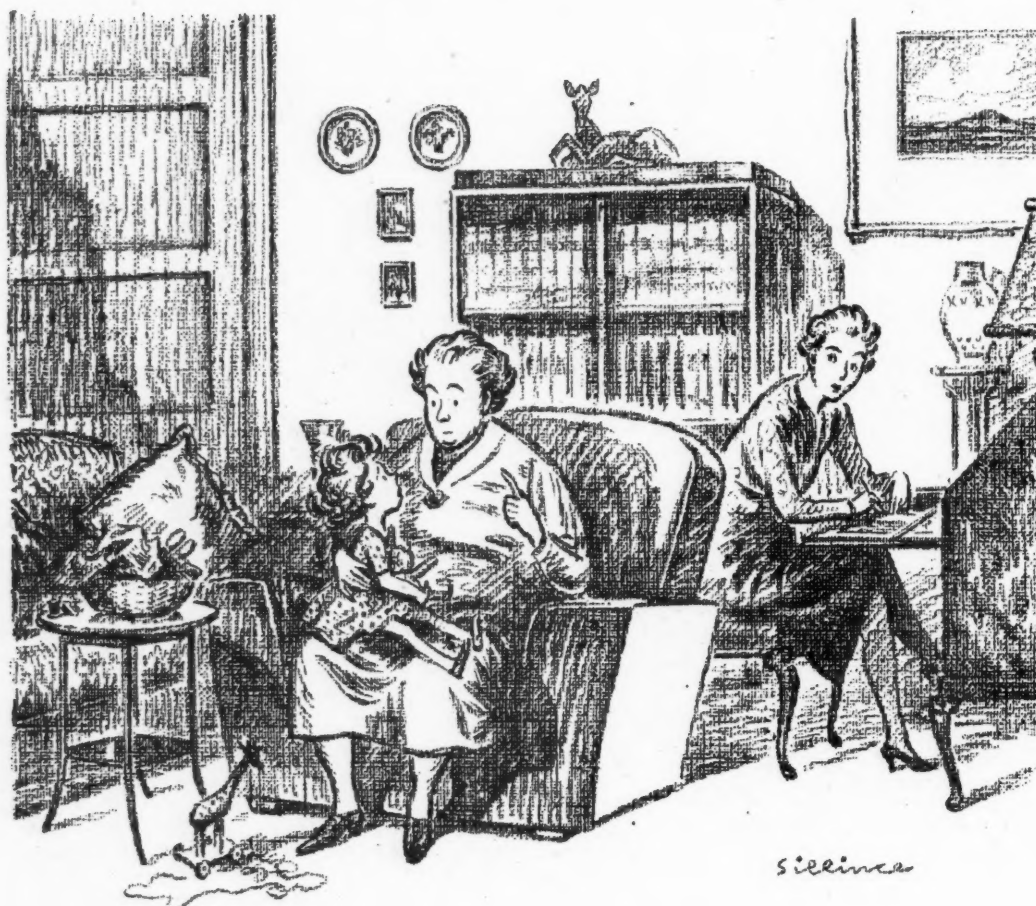
Mr. LESLIE HORE-BELISHA, another

rare speaker these days, performed the considerable feat of delivering a neat, cohesive and entirely connected speech between interruptions that were so thick and fast that the *Hansard* report looked like the script of a play. It was a little difficult to decide, in fact, at a quick glance, who "had the Floor."

Mr. EDEN wound up for the Government. Every time he speaks he seems to improve his Parliamentary style and to live up more and more to the tribute of Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN (of all people!) when he said Mr. EDEN was the best Leader of the House for a generation. To-day's contribution was a concise presentation of the Government's foreign policy—a warning here, a commendation there, a neat balancing there. The House liked it, and gave him the biggest cheer of the day.

*Thursday, February 24th.*—The Education Bill occupied the attention of the Commons once more, and the debate was chiefly notable for the statement by Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, the Communist Party, that the main purpose of education was to make one educated. This modernization of the one about "archidiaconal duties" gave rise to mirth.





*"And one day there won't be any more air-raids or black-outs, and all the shop windows and all the streets will be lit up at night."*

*"What WILL be the matter, Grandma?"*

## Training Memorandum No. 00000

### Notes for Carrier Pigeons

**D**ON'T dawdle in flight. The practice of catching insects on the wing is forbidden and will cease.

Start your flight promptly, as soon as briefed. It's a slack bird that stops to wipe his beak on his own loft.

Refrain from alighting on an object just because you see another pigeon there. He may be an enemy agent.

Encourage a loitering pigeon to move on. He may bear the policy letter of which you carry the cancellation.

Avoid the company of "tumblers." Their aerobatics are insidious and waste time, besides being undignified.

Keep a sharp look-out for hawks. If encountered, take avoiding action.

Avoid gratuitous observations on the messages you carry. Remember that you are a carrier, not a critic.

Don't puff out your craw just because you think you are the bearer of an important operational order. It may only be a War Office letter for all you know.

Fly round high peaks, not over

them. This way you will save altitude and the time wasted in attaining it.

Avoid loose cooing. The very clouds have ears.

Don't grumble at your grain. Every peck of it has to be brought in by our brave merchant seamen.

Keep your beak out of other pigeons' rations. The greedy bird is seldom air-minded.

Keep your feathers always in good trim. Nothing shows up the slacker like ruffled plumage.

Be careful of your deportment whilst

on duty. Avoid rummaging under your wing with your beak.

Have your plumage overhauled when off duty. Carry out frequent pinion inspections on your own. Make full use of the Imping Stations now established on all trunk flights. Bear in mind that *well feathered is well flown*.

Be a willing flier at all times. Feigning a broken wing is the lowest form of malingering. Leave that to bush birds and the like as unworthy of a War Department bird like yourself.

Take a pride in your wing power. Don't be a penguin.

If a superior calls you a "kiwi," peck his eye out in preference to writing to your M.P. No disciplinary action will be taken against you in either event.

If brought down by an ignorant sportsman, don't give in. Try to deliver your message on foot. Remember, it's the staunch carrier who "gets there."

Conserve your strength whenever opportunity offers. If blown off course, make use of one of the many "Rest Perches for Storm-Tossed Carrier Pigeons" (RPSCP) now established on all regular Carrier Routes.

Overissues of grain will be written off during the present emergency, except in the case of officers.

Claims in respect of arrears will in future be admitted for the full period, except in the case of officers.

Remuneration will continue at normal rates throughout the entire moulting period, except in the case of officers.

Promotion in future will be by seniority plus flying service. To make this clear, a bird with not less than thirty-six months' carrier service may multiply that figure by the hours actually flown, less the number of feathers lost en route, whichever is the greater, except in the case of officers.

## Little Talks

**D**O you want to make some money?

*Of course.*

Well, I am going to offer you five pounds to do a very simple thing. Then you can go off and make some more. Do you ever listen to the Nine o'clock News?

*Yes.*

And you hear Big Ben before the News?

*Often.*

Right. And you know what Big Ben does? I mean, you know how the preliminary chimes go—before the old boy strikes nine?

*Of course. Everybody does.*

Everybody *thinks* he does. All right. Let's hear. How do they go? Five pounds if you get it right.

*I don't say I can guarantee the exact notes.*

No, that's all right—as long as you get the intervals—the sequence.

*Well, of course, it goes "Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom."*

*Nothing like it.*

*But surely—I always thought—*

*Nothing like it. It goes "Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom."*

*Wasn't that what I did?*

No. You did "Pom-pom-pom-pom". Almost everybody does. Your very first two notes were wrong. You did "Pom-pom", going down; but it's "Pom-pom", going up.

*Well, I'd have sworn—*

All right. You listen to-night. Now, if you can do the quarter, the half, the three-quarters and the hour, I'll give you fifty pounds.

*Aren't they the same? I mean, aren't they the first and second bits of the hour—and so on?*

Not at all. There are three different beginnings. Come over to the piano. The quarter goes like this: A—I think that's the right key—A-G-F-C.

*Down?*

Yes. But the half starts up: F-A-G-C—F-G-A-F.

*And the three-quarters?*

The three-quarters starts down—but in a different way from the quarter. A-F-G-C—and this time the fifth note is the same as the fourth—C-G-A-F—A-G-F-C (the last line, you see, is the same as the quarter).

*Rather a "frustrated" sound about it.*

Yes, I always feel that. Poor old three-quarters, longing to grow up. Well, then we come to the hour. The hour begins like the half: F-A-G-C—F-G-A-F. And the last two phrases are the same as the first two phrases of the three-quarters—a good strong finish: A-F-G-C—C-G-A-F.

*You're making me giddy.*

Sorry. Now, then. Do you want fifty pounds? Do the quarter.

*"Pom-pom-pom-pom."*

*Nothing like it.*

*I thought you said it started up.*

The hour—yes. And the half. Not the quarter.

*Well, then, it's "Pom-pom-pom-pom".*

A near-miss. You did A-F-G-C. It's A-G-F-C.

*Well, you can keep your fifty pounds.*

*I shall, I'm sure.*

*How did you acquire this maddening information?*

It's been my lot and duty during the present argument with the "good" Germans to spend many nights on the river within sound of Big Ben. Some months ago a chap challenged me to "do the chimes". I said like you "Of course! It's easy!" But I found that I knew no more about it than you did. Since then, whenever I've been at that end of my beat, I've painfully acquired knowledge—if not merit.

*Must have lost you a lot of sleep.*

It did. I've lost hours waiting for the three-quarters to come round again. But it's a great thing to have a trick that nobody else can do.

*Nobody?*

Well, I suppose the staff of Big Ben can do it; but I never met them. I tried it on a famous musician, one of our top conductors, but he was no better than you—to begin with. One ought, of course, to sit somewhere in Westminster and have bets with everybody who passed. You'd make a fortune.

*You'd be locked up.*

It would be for a charity, of course. They'd all say "Of course, guv'nor, I can do the old chimes—'Pom-pom-pom-pom.'" And they'd all be wrong. You try it at a party some time. Start a competition. Nothing makes a stickier party go so well. Old gentlemen and dazzling blondes going about with their fingers in their ears and yelling "You're wrong. You're wrong! It's 'Pom-pom-pom-pom!'" The hostess loves it, especially if she's collected a few serious-minded folk for a cosy chat about the Uthwatt Report. I've seen some parties break up altogether because everyone yelled for taxis and rushed off to Parliament Square to hear the three-quarters. Some people go quite mad.

*I've got it now, I think. The quarter goes "Pom-pom-pom-pom."*

No, that's the half. I'll tell you another funny thing. If you're on the river at Westminster at nine o'clock you can hear Big Ben striking the hour, both on your wireless and in the flesh, so to speak. But the sound comes to you through the wireless before you hear it from the clock tower.

*How very odd!*

It's to do with the speed of sound. The wireless, you see—

*No, don't start anything fresh. "Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom — Pom-pom-pom-pom"*

*Nothing like it.*

A. P. H.

## At the Play

## "THE WITCH" (ARTS)

"HAVE you never seen a witch burned?" says a Lutheran pastor in amazement to the young student newly come from Wittenberg. "Can it be that faith is getting lukewarm in Denmark and Germany?" There was no cooling in the Norwegian diocese of Bergen during the year 1574. Merely suspect a woman of witchcraft and she would be harried by priests and people to forced confession and to the stake. Persecution? Not at all. Doctrinally most sound, as the bigoted *Klaus* would have been swift to explain. H. WIERS-JENSSEN's austere uncompromising drama, adapted for the English stage by JOHN MASEFIELD, is founded on this belief in Satanic possession and the evil wrought by secret, black, and midnight hags. It opens with a witch-hunt in the home—one of the dubious amenities of domestic life in the sixteenth century—and ends with another in the cathedral itself. There is no relief except for a small supper-party after a Lutheran synod (and incidental witch-burning) at which *Master Johannes*, country pastor, deciding that a section of the company is less welcome than the wine, expels a fanatical colleague by a brisk volley of abuse. Mr. ERNEST HARE is precisely right as the tipsy *Johannes*, a part that false emphasis would destroy.

A sombre evening, then, but at times acutely exciting. Has young *Anne Pedersdotter*, daughter of a reputed witch, inherited her mother's dark power? Does she use these traitorous gifts to entrap *Martin*, her husband's son by a first wife, and strike *Absolon* her husband dead? The youth comes to her; the father dies. *Anne's* guilt remains undefined even though, at the last, broken beside *Absolon's* coffin, she confesses wildly to witchcraft before her vengeful mother-in-law and bishop, clergy, and people in the cathedral of Bergen. The tragedy, with its tense spare dialogue, its suggestion of the supernatural, and its mounting terror, can

hardly be recommended as an anodyne. By the third act the home of *Master Absolon*, Palace Chaplain, is as gay as *Wuthering Heights*.

The Arts Theatre revival, good and simple, is directed by the versatile Miss CATHERINE LACEY, who is appearing elsewhere as a moonstruck vicar's wife in a Ben Travers farce. Miss MARY MORRIS's *Anne* is most subtly expressed—how well this actress listens!—and one remembers with pleasure the diction and the dignity of Mr. ABRAHAM SOFAER's *Absolon* and the modest

abstract of the entire New Theatre revival. This is a palpable hit in the second edition of an eminently metropolitan revue, a West End family party (with a salute to relatives on Broadway and guests in Grosvenor Square). *Sweeter and Lower* is sharpest when it is topical and allusive, as in the *Hamlet* lampoon, in the retained "Poison Ivy" (Miss GINGOLD and Mr. KENDALL musing benevolently on their friends), in "Mr. Lunt's Back" (another Melville lyric, sung by Mr. RICHARD CARDEN as a back-handed tribute to Mr. Alfred Lunt's expressiveness in reverse), and in Miss GINGOLD's notion of any soubrette from Old Vienna and the lush musical comedies.

For the most part the revue—produced by Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN—is sweet poison for the age's tooth. Miss GINGOLD, head dispenser, is the Malice in Wonderland of eight or ten scenes, turning up now in the person of a dispirited 'cellist, now as a health-talker with a ready line in bromides, as the queen of all stirrup-pumpers—a basket of incendiaries in herself—as a pillar of old Daly's, and as a bluff officer of the Wrens on an evening's lark. Happy the revue that nourishes in its bosom so cheerful a viper! She does but jest, poison in jest; no offence to the world. Her partner, Mr. HENRY KENDALL, is an agreeable rattle who could be much more: note his Merchant Navy officer in a quiet monologue at the tail of the evening. Earlier, Mr. KENDALL is richly in the ermine as a duchess explaining the joys of pantomime (when is a Dame not a dame?) to an exasperated American.

There are several clever people around—Mr. BONAR COLLEANO, Miss ILENA SYLVA, and particularly that fiery particle Miss GRETCHEN FRANKLIN, at her best as a "clippie" who finds that there's ever such a lot of London. Some of the minor sentimentalities are less good; this highly intimate revue is always happiest when it bites. Beside Mr. MELVILLE, we must thank for it Mr. NICHOLAS PHIPPS, Mr. LESLIE JULIAN JONES, Mr. GEOFFREY WRIGHT, Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG, and a whole club of other lyricists and composers. J. C. T.



AFTER THE STAKE AND WINE

<i>Master Johannes</i> . . . . .	MR. ERNEST HARE
<i>Master Lars</i> . . . . .	MR. WILFRED FLETCHER
<i>Master Klaus</i> . . . . .	MR. GIBB McLAUGHLIN
<i>Master Absolon Beyer</i> . . . . .	MR. ABRAHAM SOFAER

excellence of Mr. RICHARD WORDSWORTH as *Martin Beyer*, just down from *Hamlet's* university of Wittenberg and finding home-life with an amorous stepmother, a troubled father, and a suspicious grandmother too wearing for his studious mind. J. C. T.

"SWEETER AND LOWER"  
(AMBASSADORS)

Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD is the latest *Hamlet*. Beating the now famous Helpmann drum and armed with a waspish lyric by Mr. ALAN MELVILLE, she offers ten minutes of advice to the players, an irreverent



## Caught in the Act

THE board-room of the Institution is the place where, in the words of the summons to attend, the business specified hereunder will be transacted thereat. It does not add that on a cold wintry morning the fire in the board-room will puff gloomily away under the impression that the board-room is merely an extension of the chimney.

Seated at a mastodon of a table are the heavyweights on the hard-wear chairs with arms, whilst seated behind are those who are always jumping up to ask questions. These sit on harder chairs without any arms. The Press sits near the window, which is close to the fire, as he can breathe best there.

There is no gallery, for this sector of the government's front line receives little publicity. It works, in a way, in the dark; nor does any cheery B.B.C. voice croak "Good luck, Rural District Councillors."

The rural district councils of England just carry on with the local inhabitants like any other government, taking money from them with one hand and telling them what to do by the other. The rural dwellers retaliate by writing letters to the Council or *The Times*. And the letters to the Council are not simple affairs containing a question easily answered by a Member of Parliament or the Brains Trust. Sometimes they do ask for simple things like plans for light and water for everyone, but more often than not they don't.

Take rats and mice as an example. Mrs. Loosestrife, who lives at the top of the hill, had so many rats she didn't know what to do except write to the Council about it. The Clerk to the Council passed the information on to the councillors, but added that when the House of Commons passed the Rats and Mice Destruction Act of 1919 they forgot to give rural district councils authority to act under the Act. (Unfortunately at the same time rats and mice were holding protest meetings in any old place they could find and contemptuously chewed the Act into small pieces which they used for lining their nests.) The Press, as the public watch-dog, sniffed eagerly and reported the incident in full, whereat others followed Mrs. Loosestrife's example and the Council was kept busy instructing its Clerk to write letters in reply to owners of cats who wished their pets to have a change of diet.

You might think a government could decently leave the matter there and pass on to the next spot of bother,

but rural district councils are too near the soil (and the electors) for that. They like to do everything in their power to oblige those who live in the rural area and make a song about it. In this case, however, because rural district councils have no power over rats (under the Act of course), it was another body's business to take action, and the matter had to be referred to the County Pests Officer, who belongs to the county council.

So, in addition, a survey is to be made, and it is understood the authorities concerned will report to each other, and the authority possessing the greatest number will assert its right to

catch them. That is if a Regional Commissioner doesn't muscle in and take the rats and mice away from everybody. If he does, it is certain that in the subsequent confusion the rats and mice will get together and carry through more Acts of Destruction.

But enough has been said to make anyone reach for a quill to have a scratch at somebody or other.

Tally ho!



"I am hoarding all the dried eggs I can get hold of; they are bound to be scarce after the war!"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### In Defence of our Forefathers

"Q" EXPRESSED a popular opinion when he wrote that English literature inherits nothing at all of value from its Anglo-Saxon forbears and everything from the Romance languages and the Mediterranean. And so the dim, craggy, bewhiskered, difficult poetry, the epic, rune, and lament, retreat to their fastnesses where the dust is only stirred by a lengthening file of examination papers.

*Anglo-Saxon Poetry, An Essay with Specimen Translations in Verse* (CLARENDON PRESS, 5/-), is a first draft of the long work which had been planned by GAVIN BONE of St. John's and was cut short by his death in 1943. Whether by accident or not, it is an answer to "Q." It is aimed quite simply at the common reader whose prickles are slightly raised—"When his attention is directed to Anglo-Saxon poetry he demands to know 'Is it different?'" And in this wise and moderate essay BONE points out the qualities that are different; the turn of mind which called the sea the "gannet's bath" and feathers "bird's joy," and left a stock of expressions like no others in the world which the poets cheerfully lifted from each other; the lost grandeur of Beowulf, the picturesque charms and riddles, the sentiment for the friend and lord in the beer-hall which is the heart of the whole matter. Loyalties! that word sums up ninth-century society, if not John Galsworthy's. GAVIN BONE makes all these points excellently. But perhaps if he had lived to finish his essay he would have gone on from what is different to something more interesting still—what is the same.

Hige sceal the heardra, heorte the cenre,  
mod sceal the mare, the ure maegen lytlath . . .

or in the word's of BONE's translation:

The will shall be harder, the courage shall be keener,  
Spirit shall grow great as our strength falls away . . .

(but the word is "greater"). Here is the strange, but strangely familiar, central motive of Anglo-Saxon poetry—defeat, and the courage that turns it into something not unlike a victory. Beowulf loses his fight against the dragon, and the English lose the Battle of Maldon; therefore they are celebrated. Similarly, in future years the English will remember best not the Armada but the sinking of the *Revenge*; out of the whole Crimean War their poet laureate will make immortal one cavalry charge which went wrong; and the words engraved in their hearts will be Gallipoli, Mons, and Dunkirk. "Hige sceal the heardra . . ." This noble elegiac, so puzzling to outsiders, never came to us from the Mediterranean. The translations are very free, and because GAVIN BONE had a fine ear for metre his verses are extremely attractive in themselves. They do not in the least suggest Anglo-Saxon poetry, except in the few lines from *The Phoenix* where he has stuck narrowly to the stiff alliteration which marks the rhythm of his original. (The main stresses were marked by alliterated words.) It is true that this alliteration puts the translator in a fix, because in modern poetry it is used differently, to suggest subtleties and undertones—but take away the body and the spirit also vanishes. It is sad to think that the several distinguished critics who have written of this book "I know nothing of Anglo-Saxon, but from these versions I am able to tell . . ." have really been able to tell so little.

P. M. F.

### Le Peuple s'Amuse

One notes a rather ludicrous and probably unconscious convention among realistic novelists—their pleasant characters are described with propriety and reticence and their unpleasant ones with an enthusiastic abandonment of such restraints. This, as between man and man—or woman and woman—is unfair. Moreover it confers an air of melodrama in which realism, of all schools, can least afford to indulge. Mr. FRANK TILSLEY's *Pleasure Beach* (COLLINS, 10/6), for instance, arranges its cast in a sort of hierarchy of virtue and vice—the villains having bodies and no souls, the virtuous having souls without (to anything like the same extent) bodies. Northpool's caterers for a pleasure-loving Lancashire are shown, landladies apart, to be as dirty a set of scoundrels as could be congregated in any commercialized escape from commerce. To them enters an innocent gawk from a colliery, with ten pounds to spend and a week in which to spend it. Relieved of his money betimes, Tom joins the exploiters of his fellow-tourists, under the patronage of a charming girl whose main job in life is to mother her sister's first illegitimate child. An intimate view of the Northpool underworld is obtained before an Arcadian curtain—exclusively designed for Tom and Sally—descends upon the painful scene.

H. P. E.

### Tolstoy

There can hardly be another man about whom so much is known as Tolstoy. Even for his childhood and youth the biographical material is considerable, with his early fame it becomes abundant, and in his last years eight or nine persons, including Tolstoy himself, his wife, and his daughter Alexandra, were engaged in keeping a daily record of his words and actions. Out of this immense profusion Mr. DERRICK LEON has produced a narrative (*Tolstoy: His Life and Work*. ROUTLEDGE, 25/-) which is clear, reasonably complete, and distinguished by the seldom-combined qualities of detachment and sympathy. In the first third of the book Mr. LEON shows Tolstoy, after an unusually happy childhood, becoming conscious of the conflicting elements in his nature which he was to spend the rest of his life trying to resolve. By the time he was twenty the moralist and puritan were already stirring in him, and between periods of dissipation he would fill his diary with such reflections as—"From whom indeed do we learn voluptuousness, effeminacy, frivolity in everything, and many another vice, if not from women?" In his middle thirties he fell in love with a girl of eighteen, who embodied for him the innocence he had lost and hoped to recover in her arms. "Incredible happiness," he wrote in his diary on the morning after their wedding. "I can't believe that this will last as long as life." To his youthful bride Tolstoy was a famous writer and experienced man of the world, whom, as she wrote in her diary, she could not properly understand, "and that must be why I watch him so jealously." The long tragedy of their marriage is described very fairly by Mr. LEON. From the standpoint of Countess Tolstoy, her husband possessed in her, in their children, in their home and social position, in his work and always increasing fame, everything to make him the happiest of men. For Tolstoy, once his wife had ceased to incarnate the ideal towards which he was groping, she became the most formidable of the many barriers between himself and the renunciation of earthly ties and desires which now seemed to him the only solution of his and other men's unhappiness. In the course of their conflict, which lasted for over fifty years, Tolstoy acquired in some degree the saintly qualities of patience and meekness,

whereas his wife degenerated into a state of possessive rage bordering on mania. In describing the terrible scenes at the close of Tolstoy's life, Mr. LEON hardly perhaps makes enough allowance for the Countess. She loved what was human and poetic in Tolstoy, not his efforts towards a saintliness which she felt to be out of character. In describing his disciples as "miserable abortions of human society, aimless babblers," she no doubt exaggerated, but the photograph Mr. LEON gives of Tolstoy's chief disciple, Chertkov, does not support Mr. LEON's favourable estimate of him. It is an unpleasing face, hard, calculating, and smug.

H. K.

### Portrait in Hickory-wood

Gnarled and rugged, and endowed with a yet unconfirmed nobility, Mrs. ESTHER MEYNELL'S *The Young Lincoln* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 12/6) is a thoroughly enjoyable performance. Here you have "The First American"—for Washington was essentially European—from his birth in a Kentucky log-hut in 1809 to his reluctant marriage to Mary Todd in 1842. ("For God," said Lincoln, "one 'd' is enough, but the Todds need two.") Behind "Honest Abe" lay a pedigree of more than usually migratory pioneers; and Mrs. MEYNELL is probably right in attributing much of Lincoln's almost mystical detachment to the fact that he was never allowed to take root. Lincoln père wandered about Indiana with a martyred wife and three small children—"the land," as another contemporary woman said, "was settled before the Lord was willing." But a richer and more stable second wife helped Abe, "considerin' and old-like," to school; his first law-book was the Declaration of Independence; and his first sight of the task ahead the slave-market at New Orleans, whither he had gone as a Mississippi boat-hand. This is the story—with its rather squalid Martin Chuzzlewit setting—that Mrs. MEYNELL has so ably resumed.

H. P. E.

### Cardinal Hinsley

There is much of interest and a considerable degree of frankness in Dr. JOHN HEENAN'S sketch of the late Archbishop of Westminster, *Cardinal Hinsley* (BURNS, OATES AND WASHBOURNE, 8/6), whose broadcast speeches in support of the war made him better known to the nation as a whole than any other English cardinal since the Reformation. Born in a joiner's cottage near Selby in Yorkshire, of Catholic parents, Arthur Hinsley was "just a good boy, who hoped one day to be a good priest." His career, though meritorious, was not distinguished by genius or extraordinary sanctity, and when, at the age of sixty-nine, he became Archbishop of Westminster, his appointment did not provoke much enthusiasm. "Looking back," Dr. HEENAN writes, with the mild malice which from time to time enlivens his pages, "it is curious to remember that the greatest human consolation of many clergy was the thought that a man broken by years in the tropics could not be expected to have a long reign." In the period before the war the Archbishop had to cope with some delicate situations; and his defence of the Pope's reticence when Mussolini attacked Abyssinia released a good deal of moral indignation in our Press. After the outbreak of the war his wholehearted support of England gave him for a time a commanding position among our broadcast speakers. "For the United Nations the voice of a Prince of the Church was obviously an invaluable asset," Dr. HEENAN writes. But, he adds, the Cardinal had no illusions regarding the motives of the B.B.C., and was not surprised when, in 1942, with most former neutrals either safely in the war or well disposed towards the prospective

victors, he "reverted, in the eyes of the B.B.C., to the position of Roman Catholic Archbishop." One is glad, however, to learn that the clergymen of other denominations employed by the B.B.C. were completely won by the Cardinal's friendliness and simplicity. "There was no condescension in his attitude to them. In his presence they did not feel themselves to be 'inferior' clergy."

H. K.

### Towards a Future

If the development of the human ant-hill has now gone so far that an increasing use of natural resources cannot be ensured without economic rebuilding, as the most authoritative ants seem more or less to agree, then any honest attempt to find the best way to make the change deserves attention. Sir RICHARD ACLAND'S sincerity stands out no less clearly than his high excitement in his study *How It Can Be Done* (MACDONALD, 5/-), a book that is quite badly put together, and outrages decent feeling by perpetually using "will" for "shall," and is immensely interesting. Actually he devotes most of his space to demonstrating how the methods of the people who would merely exercise public control over enterprise still privately directed—the Planners, he calls them—must break down and result in either Fascism or violent revolution, an estimate in which Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY, writing an introductory open letter to the rising generation, apparently concurs. The alternative proposed is to change the first rule of the game—acknowledge as an ethical basis that the acceptance of unearned income is one of the things not to be done and then, having won a General Election on this principle clearly proclaimed, hand over capital ownership to the State, easing the transfer by compensations and interim concessions. Relieved of the burden of making ends meet on innumerable separated balance-sheets, production will leap forward unchecked, unemployment will disappear, prices will come down and many other desirable things will happen. Sir RICHARD, who does not call himself a Communist, admits quite a number of queries on detail, and is on that account all the more acceptable.

C. C. P.

### Democracy

There is much humour and wisdom in Dr. C. K. ALLEN'S *Democracy and the Individual* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/6), which should have been printed larger in black ink, and have contained an index. Some old fogies may still think that the people flourish better with three estates as France did, or with King, Lords and Commons. Real democracy, except in places like Andorra, usually ends in tyranny or at best benevolent despotism, and some democracy is not real, as in our own country where there is a strong aristocratic tradition. Mr. ALLEN, however, makes out a good case for democracy on its merits, and the reader gets from him much more valuable information than from the many ponderous tomes that have been written on the subject. The chapter on the "Majority Principle" is most illuminating, especially in its references to the Totalitarian State which he vividly describes (pp. 77-80). The little book abounds in these masterly studies of political psychology, as, for example, the observations on the sort of M.P.s we are likely to have when the "leisure class" has been abolished (pp. 22-25). The closing chapter on individual liberty is one of the best. Dr. ALLEN points out that the New Order is only the "Old Order" coming back in the form of despotism, and that "this war will have been fought in vain unless a better democracy is born of it; and a better democracy will depend upon a better human individual."

E. S. P. H.



## Out Walking

"FUNNY how quickly one forgets what grisly things rucsacs are."  
"Even silk pyjamas turn to lead in them."

"They must have ruined millions and millions of holidays."

"It's my two-ton shoes this time. And that gigantic hair-brush. I wish I didn't always think I'll need everything on my dressing-table."

"I didn't mean to pack my trouser-press."

"The *Ency. Britt.* seems to have stowed away in mine. Let's post everything home to-morrow."

"We always say this the first day."

"After the war my plan for taking the sting out of the rucsac will be universally adopted."

"If it's donkeys, hotels simply loathe them."

"Much more tractable—a balloon on top with just enough gas in it."

"There'll be plenty of those going cheap. Awkward in buses, though."

"Buses? This is a walking-tour. Are you sure we're going right?"

"Positive. We go on for about two miles and then there should be a clearing and a farm we can ask at."

"Pity you left the map in the bus, all the same."

"Still sorry. But in some ways it's more fun without. After all, Marco Polo didn't have a map, to speak of."

"Marco Polo didn't have a rucsac either. And he had plenty of salt beef in his hold."

"Don't be coarse. We'll get there in time for lunch."

"Um. The last time you left a map in a bus we didn't even get there for dinner. And it was a French dinner. Sometimes when I wake in the night and remember that owing to your leaving that map in that bus we missed a whole dinner at a place called the *Rotisserie Truffe Noire des Cinqs Hirondelles* that would almost certainly have kicked off with *pâté* and swept on gloriously by way of a *gratin de queues d'ecrivisses* towards—"

"As I've said before, I'm quite certain it would have been a slab of broiled cart-horse and a *pouding au jam*. That sometimes happened, even in Savoy."

"Well, we'll never know now."  
(*Longish silence.*)

"Where's that clearing?"

"I was just wondering."

"It ought to have shown up at least a quarter of an hour ago."

"I know."

"I suppose we're lost."

"It begins to look a bit like it. I don't believe we were ever meant to go for walking-tours. Nature always gets us in the end."

"She's got us rather early this time. It seems an odd way to spend a leave, tottering from glade to glade in somebody else's wood."

"No odder than that Colonel who got stuck in a lift for his forty-eight, in the papers. Shall we persevere for another five minutes and see if anything recognizable happens?"

"All right. I wouldn't know the way back, anyway."

"Nor should I."

(*Enter a dilapidated man in tweeds.*)

"Excuse me, but can you tell us the way to Fox Corner? It's reputed to be about three miles on the other side of this wood."

"Not the slightest idea. It's a huge wood. I'm completely lost myself."

"This path seems to go on and on rather, doesn't it?"

"It always has. It's a brute of a wood altogether. Quite frankly, I wish I'd never bought the beastly thing. But in peace-time it earned its keep because my wife used to ask troops of people for the week-end, beastly chatterbox people mostly, and when I couldn't stick the pandemonium any more I used to launch the whole boiling of them out here with a packet of sandwiches and a yarn about a secret bird-grove. And until a search-party went out after dinner I knew I was perfectly safe."

"Some of them may still be wandering about?"

"More than likely. I never counted 'em all."

(*Exit dilapidated man, gloomily.*)

"We should have asked him to get an S.O.S. broadcast for us."

"I wonder if we ought to tie a ball of string to a tree so that we could find our way back to it if necessary?"

"If we only knew where the tree was."

"It's there."

"Yes, but where?"

"I see."

"Have you got five miles of string?"

"No. It was only an idea. Let's forget it."

"The proper thing to do when you're lost is to turn your pockets out."

"And give vent to genteel astonishment on discovering a silver-plated picnic-basket and two bottles of rum."

"The Swiss Family Robinson found potato-seeds and teaspoons and even bits of a boat marked 'A' and 'B' that only needed screwing together."

"What a bad type that eldest boy of theirs was!"

"A list of the edible barks is what we want most."

"I'm afraid we may have to wait till the spring for those."

"I've got an anthology of the long-haired boys in my rucsac. Read aloud with enough vivacity it ought to bring down a squirrel or two."

"They need hanging for four days."

"Most of them need hanging for good."

"I mean squirrels. Edith tried."

"Tried what?"

"Squirrels. In a casserole."

"Well, that's that. We haven't got a casserole. Travelling light. On a walking-tour."

"I say, I hate this wood."

"So do I. Let's sit on that wet log and smoke furiously." (*Five ugly minutes creep by.*)

"You didn't hear what I heard?"

"No. What I heard was only an echo from a pampered past."

"I was afraid so too. Buses never did run through the middle of a virgin forest."

"All the same, it was."

"It couldn't be. There was no road on the map."

"I expect you were holding it upside-down and we've really been walking backwards."

"Very near, wasn't it?"

"About two hundred yards, I should say."

"Then the next one will take us back to that cross-roads?"

"The next one will take me right back—"

"I know. To Savoy." ERIC.

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for H.M. Forces Overseas (including INDIA and Prisoners of War)

ROTHMANS NAVY CUT MEDIUM			
	200	500	1000
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Europe	4/-	10/-	20/-
To H.M. Forces Overseas (incl. India) or H.M. Ships Personnel on Active Commission	4/9	11/6	21/6
ROTHMANS PALL MALL DE LUXE			
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Europe	6/6	16/3	32/6
To H.M. Forces Overseas (incl. India) or H.M. Ships Personnel on Active Commission	7/3	17/9	34/-
ROTHMANS PALL MALL STANDARD MIXTURE			
	Half Pound	Pound	
To Prisoners or Civilian Internees in Europe	5/-	10/-	
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Rothmans are exceptionally well equipped to despatch gift parcels Duty Free to H.M. Forces Overseas—and this now includes those serving in India—and Duty Free and Post Free to Prisoners of War in Europe. The cost of a Duty Free

parcel is small, as shown in the above prices for Rothmans high quality London-made cigarettes and tobacco. Write to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H16) 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. for order form which includes full particulars.

*Rothman* OF PALL MALL  
the best-known tobacconist in the world



*Hand-spun, hand-woven, every yard*



YES, hand-spun and hand-woven from 100% pure Scottish wool by the Crofters in their own homes on the Islands of the Outer Hebrides. Hand Spun Harris Tweed is unique. A more handsome, comfortable, durable or "characterful" fabric has never been produced. Harris Tweed is still available in limited quantities

Look for the Trade Mark on the cloth and for the label on finished garments.

## HARRIS TWEED

The Board of Trade accepts the following definition:—"Harris Tweed" means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several purtenances and all known as the Outer Hebrides.

THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD., 10 OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.2.



### POST-WAR PICTURE

Remarkable 'made-to-measure' paint products developed by Berger chemists to fit the special equipment, varied technique and novel application methods of service use, hold great promise for post-war decoration and industrial finishing

*Painted and dry in a day*



"After the war can I have my home painted inside and out, finished and dry in a day?" Very likely—at the moment we cannot say—but if so—Berger will supply the paint

## Berger Paints

Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Dublin, Durban, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Wellington  
Depots at Bristol, Belfast, Cardiff, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle



*"I'd be lost without OXO"*

So many uses for OXO and how easy it makes war-time cooking—it adds body as well as rich, beefy flavour.



★ SEND TODAY for 'Rationtime Recipes,' the new OXO cookery booklet, enclosing one penny stamp.

Dept. S • OXO LIMITED • THAMES HOUSE • LONDON E.C.4



Twenty-five years ago these Children were our customers. Wise Mothers recognised in CHILPRUFE the best underwear procurable, giving the utmost Protection and Durability. These very children are the parents of today, still wisely seeking the best for their children, and so the tradition of CHILPRUFE is carried on through troublesome, as well as peaceful times.

This tradition has also been extended to the Utility Underwear which we are now making.

**CHILPRUFE**  
made solely for  
**INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN**  
CHILPRUFE LIMITED  
Governing Director: John A. Bolton  
LEICESTER

**SAUCES MADE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR**  
by  
**Escoffier**  
SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

**Valstar**  
"777" Raincoat  
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN  
IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.  
**J. HANDLEBERG & CO. LTD.**  
VALSTAR WORKS, SALFORD & LANC.



## THE SMITH FAMILY

No. 2  
The Blacksmith

Forging a rowlock for a Cambridge Boat

The products of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil meet you everywhere, just as, wherever you go in England and Wales, you will find evidence of the Smith whose stock-in-trade is not iron, but the printed word. Fifteen hundred W. H. Smith & Son bookshops and station bookstalls cater for your needs in newspapers, books, stationery, die-stamping, printing, bookbinding and press advertising. If you want library service, there are more than 500 exchange depots of the W.H.S. Library through which you can read as many books as you desire for a subscription as small as 10/- for a whole year's service.



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1500 Branches. Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, W.C.2

**RUB IN ELLIMAN'S**



**RUB OUT PAIN**

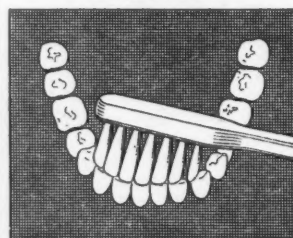
Fortunately, despite the present day conditions, countless sufferers are still able to enjoy that alleviation of pain which the use of **ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION** brings in such a special measure.

This **UNIVERSAL** remedy for **RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, STIFFNESS, ETC.**, is now **MORE PRECIOUS THAN EVER** so please use your Elliman's sparingly in order that all sufferers can continue to benefit from its use.

From all chemists and stores. 1/5 & 2/2 (including Purchase Tax)



You can't pick apples with steps that won't reach



BUT you can reach every part of every tooth with a

**Tek TOOTHBRUSH**  
MADE IN ENGLAND  
BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d  
NYLON 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave

T.I

Healthy dogs make good companions



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
**keep dogs fit**



**4 OUT OF 5? Not Me!**

Start using Forhans to-day. Don't run the risk of sore or tender gums—inflamed gums—bleeding gums. Thousands of dentists recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice with its special anti-gum-infection ingredient. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. See your dentist at regular intervals.

Only **FORHANS** Brand contains the special ingredient to prevent gum infection



**"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT" ..**

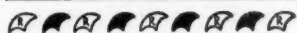
ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD



Here's to  
Victory  
and Peace  
when she  
will ride  
her famous  
**JAMES**  
for pleasure!



Cycles, Autocycles, Motorcycles

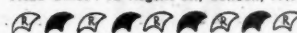
THE JAMES CYCLE COMPANY LTD.  
GREET · BIRMINGHAM

## RADIO RENTALS

*Unparalleled*
**SERVICE**

**SORRY!** Owing to restricted supplies only a few sets are available in certain Provincial Towns. Enquire at Local Branch. Over 80 Branches and Depots operating to ensure Free Service, Free Replacements, etc., to the fortunate half million who rely on Radio Rentals for their listening.

Head Office: 92 Regent St., London, W.1


**BENSON and HEDGES**
*Old Bond Street W<sup>1</sup>*

 makers of fine cigarettes and smoking tobacco  
offer

**DUTY FREE**

 to members of H. M. Navy (Ships in commis-  
sion only), H. M. Forces Overseas, and to  
Prisoners of War

<b>SUPER</b>	<b>SPECIAL</b>
<b>VIRGINIA</b>	<b>MIXTURE</b>
500 for 17/-	½ lb for 8/-
1,000 for 32/-	1 lb for 15/-

delivered free

 Send full address with remittance to Benson  
and Hedges (Overseas) Limited, Dept. H.M.P.  
13 Old Bond Street, W.1


## COTY

### Post-War Plans

The true creator is never idle. Though manufacture of perfumes and many of our beauty preparations is no longer possible, dreams of fresh loveliness and perfection already exist in the minds of our experts. Novel and exciting perfumes and preparations that will add fresh laurels to the fame of Coty, when Peace permits the realisation of our post-war plans.

**TO-DAY.** The Coty War-time Beauty Service gives the minimum essentials necessary to the preservation of charm. Each exquisite creation maintains the unapproachable standard of quality always associated with the name of Coty

The Creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Stive, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C-121

## MARMITE

adds flavour  
and nourishment  
to  
War Time dishes



Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.

## BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AFTER THE WAR

Small and medium-sized businesses in all branches of industry and trade must have every opportunity of contributing, by their enterprise and initiative, towards the nation's economic well-being after the war. They must be given full support in developing British trade at home or in overseas markets.

Changes due to war conditions call for a far-sighted policy concerning the financial aid they may need. This Bank, through its branch managers, will therefore be prepared to consider enquiries from promising undertakings, whether old or new, conducted under good management. It will base its consideration of each proposal as much upon the prospective borrower's integrity and business capacity as upon his material resources.

**MIDLAND BANK  
LIMITED**

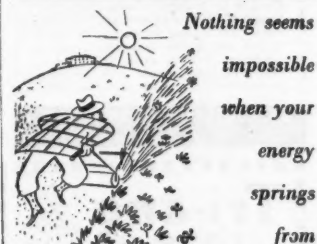
## BEAR BRAND HONEY

*The Premier Brand*

 Obtainable only on your  
Preserve Ration

 THE BEAR HONEY CO. LTD.  
Branch of L. Garvin & Co. Ltd.  
ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

THE Church Army Mobile Canteens have a very real place in the hearts of our serving men. In trying extremes of climate—in tension or boredom—the Canteen is a vital institution. They cost £3 per week to run. Can you help maintain one or more for a week? Please send a gift to: The Rev. H. H. TREACHER, General Secretary and Head

**THE CHURCH ARMY, Headquarters:**  
55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1


Nothing seems  
impossible  
when your  
energy  
springs  
from

**TUROG**

BROWN BREAD

### Note these Facts

**Rheumatism** has one thing in common with Neuritis, Sleeplessness, Headache, Toothache, Colds and 'Flu': its manifestations of pain are safely and speedily relieved by two tablets of 'Genasprin'.

The exact causes of Rheumatism have yet to be discovered by medical science, but it is known that salicylate therapy has a beneficial action on the disturbances of uric acid metabolism associated with certain types of Rheumatism: 'Genasprin' therefore combats these conditions as well as giving *sure and speedy relief* from the pain that accompanies them.

Only an *absolutely pure* form of aspirin can be relied upon not to depress the heart or upset the digestion. 'Genasprin' is absolutely pure: it will not produce any harmful after-effects. You can get 'Genasprin' from any chemist at 1/5d. or 2/3d. a carton.

**'Genasprin' kills Pain quickly — time it!**

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

5" x 3 1/2"

*In an advertisement of this size one has to be concise:*

CELOTEX insulating board has the same insulating capacity as 12 times its thickness in brick. It is being used extensively in essential war buildings to conserve heat and fuel. It is equally applicable to private houses and will no doubt find a wide post-war use. This last point should arouse interest in people who favour more warmth and comfort in their homes without costly and difficult extensions of existing heating arrangements.

**CELOTEX**

*Insulating, Building and Hard Boards*

CELOTEX LIMITED, N. Circular Road, Stonebridge Park, London, N.W.10

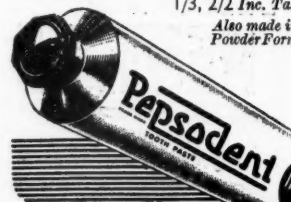
**DO YOUR TEETH  
LOOK LOVELY, TOO?**



*the  
answer's  
on the tip of  
your tongue*

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3, 2/2 Inc. Tax  
Also made in  
Powder Form



**Don't forget  
your...**

**Andy**

GARDEN GLOVES  
2/6 per pair, of brownmongers and Stores or  
direct (post 3d.). One coupon per pair.  
**TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE**

**Carters**  
(INVALID FURNITURE)



Owing to essential contracts the range of invalid chairs and invalid furniture is now limited, but we are still in a position to supply certain articles. Please give full particulars of your needs and we will endeavour to accommodate you.

GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1.  
Phone: Langham 1044

**Tri-ang**  
TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

**L.B. LTD. London**



**KERFOOT'S  
MEDICATED  
PASTILLES**

embodying the  
manufacturing  
experience of  
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS  
CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardley  
Lancashire

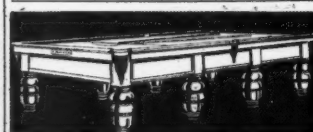
P1

**Hurrah.  
BERMALINE  
BREAD**  
for tea!

Baked by  
Good Bakers  
everywhere

Good, pure  
delicious food.  
A treat to eat  
—and easily  
digested.

Enquiries to:  
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. · IBROX · GLASGOW.



The demand for JELKS Billiards Tables to-day greatly exceeds the supply, but enquiries are invited as the position varies from day to day and we are occasionally able to offer excellent Re-conditioned Models at attractive prices.

**JELKS**  
Billiards Tables  
HOLLOWAY RD., N.7 Tel., North 2747

**RHEUMATISM?**  
**CURICONES**  
*is the remedy*  
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

**Safeguard Your Teeth!**



With **KENT** Exclusive  
**BLENDED BRISTLES**

• AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION. • PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

**KENT OF LONDON**  
*Best British Brushes*

**BOND STREET STAMP AUCTIONS**

Clients and prospective Vendors of fine stamps, are asked to note that as from March 6th, the address of the Bond Street Stamp Auctions will be 29-31 New Bond Street, W.1, where larger premises have been based in preparation for important post-war developments of service.

**H. R. HARMER**  
The World's Leading Stamp Auctioneer  
131-137, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.  
Telephone: Mayfair 0218 (3 lines)

*I wish there  
were more—*  
**SPRATT'S**  
BISCUIT DOG FOODS



*the sure way  
of building up  
a dog....*



After duty —

15 MINUTES' PLEASURE

AND SATISFACTION

WITH A

**CHURCHMAN'S**

NO. 1

CHURCHMAN'S No. 1 CIGARETTES 15 MINUTES OF SMOOTH SMOKING 10 FOR 1/3, 20 FOR 2/6

C.360c

**WE THREE** — Mr. Lovejoy, Ramsbottom and Enoch are quite happy at the Happidrome all on our Hercules Cycles... grand machines, let us tell you!

# HERCULES CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD. · Aston · Birmingham



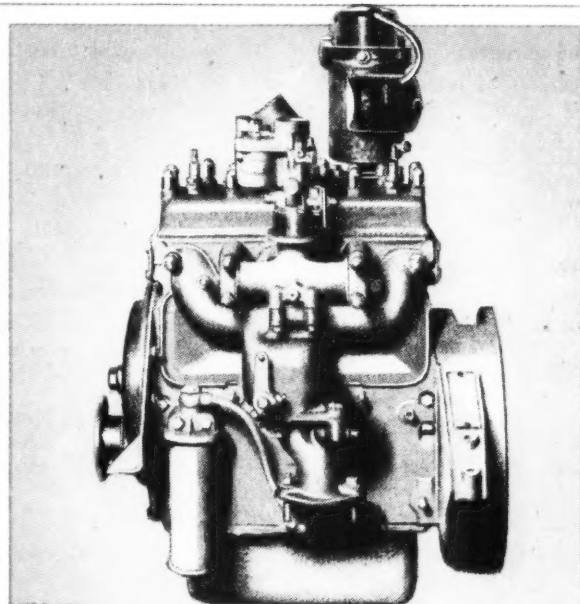
1865-1944

The family will appreciate that little addition of LEMCO BEEF EXTRACT. It makes all the difference to your cooking.

**LEMCO** THE ORIGINAL  
Concentrated Beef Extract

One pound of LEMCO contains the concentrated juices of over 30 pounds of prime beef.

— PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED, LONDON —



The F.S.M., one of the Coventry Climax engines used extensively on our Godiva trailer fire-fighters.

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., COVENTRY







## The lads from our street

The men who fought at Narvik, at Bruneval and Crete,  
They were youngsters from our village,

and lads from down our street;

The men who followed Monty, the deathless desert rats  
Once played round here—with sticks for stumps

and lumps of wood for bats;

A day will come when bells will ring

and flags will be unfurled

To cheer the British Tommies

who have helped to save the world;

Great men will tell how once they snatched

high victory from defeat,

But to us they'll always be the lads

who went from down our street.

## SALUTE THE SOLDIER

### How can we show our gratitude

to these men? The best, the most practical  
tribute we can offer them is to give them our  
complete support—by saving more. Let that  
be your salute to the soldier. **SAVE MORE**



Issued by the National Savings Committee

*"We'll want labour-saving  
homes... but now we're  
SAVING Gas"*

Balloon-sites and aerodromes, cipher  
offices and ordnance depôts, Admiralty  
offices and signal stations . . soon  
they'll be leaving them . . they'll want  
homes . . labour-saving homes . .  
homes equipped with gas. Gas for  
automatic cooking . . for well-  
ventilated and warm rooms . . for  
plenty of hot water . . for refrigerators  
to keep food cool and whole-  
some. The Gas Industry . .  
with all the accumulated know-  
ledge and experience gained  
during the war years . . will  
satisfy this paramount wish of  
Service women. **Meanwhile,**  
Service women . . like every-  
body else . . know that saving  
gas and other fuels **NOW** helps  
to shorten the war . . and  
brings after-the-war homes  
nearer.



THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION  
LONDON, S.W.1